"Girls" As Young and Bright as Spring.

the spring this young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of "Girls." This may be a confession, not a criticism, but who cares? With "Girls' as young and bright as spring what difference does it make whether

Direct Fitch has written a comedy or a tonic?



Laura Nelson Hall, Ruth Maycliffe And in the joy of the moment he deand Amy Ricard as Pamela, Violet cided to put the girls to bed! But first and Kate. (The Girls Take the Oath they must have a surprise. No Fitch of Celibacy. bed and Merris chair, he would give them a man to dream about.

He has taken the first door in his id man with whose silly young wife he has been dining. It

they were singing about, and so Pamela wins the "swell" young lawyer, "Vi" and Kate announces that she has captured Mister Meyer-CHARLES DARNTON.

Left-Handed Cards.

NE never knows," said a salesman in one of the big stationer's, "how wasn't one of them. The calmer and many people are affifted with a given infirmity until something comes more desolate the prairie looked the to call attention to it. Every one knows in a general way that a more dangerous it was sure to be. I've number of persons are left-handed; but until we got these new playing cards seen street riots. I've seen roya with the index marks in all four corners, which were invented just for left-handed players, I had no idea that so many people held their cards in their right have ridden in cavalry charges. Bu hand. I have been keeping count for a week now, and I find that about one for true excitement all these are noth person in six wants cards for left-handed players."

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



is slightly throat is quite certain to win the as This one is finished with an eminently becoming collar and is well suited to youthful figures. It can be made wih elbow or long slees and from almost every seasonable waisting. The pretty che ked and strip d cotton voiles and materials of the sort odd waists just now, and are very tretty well as madras linen, lawn and the more familiar ma-teria's, while it is equally well'rdept-ed to the entire

The quantity of material required s'ze is 31-2 yards 1 or 24, 31-4 yards 22 or 2 yards 44 inches

is cut in sines for girls of 14 and 16 years of each

ill or send by mall to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN ON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered IMPORTANT—Write your name and sidress plainly, and al-

The Newlyweds Their Baby & George McManus



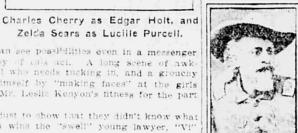
Buffalo Bill's New Tales of the Plains &

Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

My Fight Behind a Wall of Buffaloes

By Buffalo Bill. (Wm. F. Cody.)



erners have lonely plains was not stupid. My 'Yes, it was fus about as dreary as

knife fight, as monotonous as a mehing and as stupid as a massacre. There were a whole lot of unpleasant hings about scouting. But monoton; ing to the feeling a scout has when h is riding alone through a seemingly deserted Indian country. As my old felow-plainsman, Jim Bridge, used to say: Injins, there's where they're mighty liable to be thickest!"

I always preferred riding alone on missions through such country, rather than with a squad. I had a "led" horse, that it is. Try bathing your nose !

COODNESS!

oofprint with some fellow savage, as of their rearmost riders.

through danger country, so we hid by fort day and rode by night. One evening at would take, and arranged to send u dusk as we were riding out of a wood- a "smoke signal" if we

M ts. K.-Depilatories will not remove the hair permanently.

D EAU.-The blackheads on your nose

rush described so frequently in these

lumns. As for the "skin being loos-

nd causing a fat appearance," voi

ave probably become morbid on the

bleet and imagine your nose is wors

BYE O' BYE

you may cure by assiduous and faithful use of the complexion

Electricity is the only thing

Superfluous Hair.

know of that will do this.

Skin Louse on Nose.

out getting buffalo for the garrison at Once I took with me an army bugler, Fort Sheridan. With us were fifteen

We almost ran into a big band of InWe had a great day's sport. I would have a shot which camp for the night. ime, we waited till they had camped, rounded up a herd of buffalo. The times if I didn't Then we prepared to make a dash for massed in a sudden turn, and I fired it. There was no other way out. We at one nearest me. My heavy calibr knew if we waited for dawn they would bullet tore clean through him, through find our tracks and catch us in a cor-the one next, and then into the buffal just beyond. Three buffalo brough

needed, had cut the hams and other eatable parts of the carcasses, and wagon. Just then Bill White, my

Down swept a regular cloud of nounted Sloux. They seemed to have

It was a hot brush we had, there beand our buffalo wall, before we could mpty enough saidles to drive the oe off. The sound of a distant bugle rom the rescue party came just as the ioux massed for a third charge. They swore, yelled and hurled all

orts of insulting epithets at us. Then hey rode away through the long grass. hey were out of sight before the re-

may be obtained by sending application and one-cent stamp for each number to "Circulation Department, Evening World."

Back numbers of this series

remount often meant the difference be-tween life and death. One man riding sounding his bugle again and again. Well, I shan't blame you if you call me

alone and carefully was also less likely They thought we were a whole cavalry a "shorter and uglier word." to leave a trail that some prowling war troop. While they scattered in one diparty could follow up. I rode unshod rection, Kershaw and I were dashing can say is it's true. Take it or leave it. horses. This, too, puzzled the Indians, away at top speed in another, having for they always associated an unshed cleared the canyon on the very heels

the white men's horses usually wore Another time, Kershaw and I were commandant what direction we

of water. This makes the flesh firm

H .- Try this preparation: Sut

eucalyptus, 5 drops; ointment of

limed sulphur, 1 dram; off

xide of zinc, 1 ounce; cintment of ros

Use once a day on the skin. Wash

ff the parts once or twice a week with

the tincture of green soap, cleansing bem with hot water, after which re-ew the application of the above oint-

Pimply Skin on Arms.

water, 1 ounce.

nto a sort of rude barricade around us But they had seen our smoke signal and knew relief would be sent us from he fort. If they wanted our scalps hey must get them in a hurry. So they harged again.

By M. F. Neale

(Copyrighted, 1907, by McClure, Phil- world grew weaker lips & Co.) N a little district west of Washing-

small strips called "places." amall strips called "places." At the top of a squarty, three-story de world mit der foolishness to die brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. One was from Maine; the other from a thing. No, I vill not bose as a mode California. They had met at the table for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy d'hote of an Eighth street "Delmon- do you allow dot silly pusiness to come ico's," and found their tastes in art, in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor chicory salad and bishop sleeves so leetle M ss Yohnsy."

That was in May, In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doc- bid and full of strange fancies. Very tors call Pneumonia, stalked about the well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care colony, touching one nere and there with his icy finger.

would call a chivalrie old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood Behrman, "Who said I vill not bose? thinned by California zephyrs was Go on. I come mit you. For half an hardly fair game for the red-fisted, hour I had peen trying to say dot I short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any

Stricken Down.

"She has one chance in-let us say,

ten," he said, as he shook down the "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get the next morning she found Johnsy well. Has she anything on her mind?"

'eleven," and then "ten" and "nine," and then "eight" and "seven," almost

'What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a goes another one. There are only five

"Oh. I never heard of such nonsense," amplained Sue with magnificent scorn. What have old ivy leaves to do with ove that vine so, you naughty girl cars or walk past a new building. Try wire for her sick child, and pork chops

window until I am done working? must hand those drawings in by tofraw the shade down."

'She Is Very III."

"Couldn't you draw in the other om?" asked Johnsy, coldly. "I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. Besides, I don't want to keep looking

"Tell me as soon as you have fin-shed," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm ing Sue's thin, shaking hand in his tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything and go sailing

poor, tired leaves."
"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now—that's all." o Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of Explanation. an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. without getting near enough to touch the hem of his mistress's robe. He had lene, but had never yet begun it. For except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He carne coffed terriply at softness in any one, and who regarded bimisoif as especial pastiff in-waiting to protect the two

juniper berries in his dimly lighte ig there for twenty-five years to re ive the first line of the masterpiece She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and

The Greatest of Short Story Writers.

O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

STORY NO. 14.

The Last Leaf.

(From "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. and fragile as a leaf herself, float

crazy and broken themselves into ings.

congenial that the joint studio resulted.

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you tigibbet."

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway, with a shaggy.

"She-she wanted to paint the Bay

of Naples some day," said Sue. Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She A Miracle. as looking out the window and countng-counting backward.

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie." "Leaves. On the tvy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too, I've known that for three days. Didn't the

for her greedy self." "You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out he window. "There goes another. No don't want any broth. That leaves fust four, I want to see the last one fall before if gets dark. Then I'll go too." "Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending ver her, "will you promise me to keep

your eyes closed, and not look out the morrow. I need the light, or I would

t those silly ivy leaves."

The Old Artist.

away when her slight hold upon the

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt ton Square the streets have run and derision for such idiotic imagin-

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in was familiar for Joanna. founded vine? I had not heard of such

> "She is very fil and weak," "and the fever has left her mind morto pose for me, you needn't. think you are a horrid old-old flibb

"You are just like a woman!" yelled blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go avay. Gott! yes." Johnsy was sleeping when

upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In these they peered out the window fearfully at the Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling,

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up: I want to see," she dered, in a whisper. Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ive leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow. f me, if you won't think of yours if

But Johnsy did not answer somest thing in all the world is a soul mysterious, far journey. seemed to possess her more strongly a

The day wore away, and even throu he twilight they could see the lone ivy wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loose windows and pattered down from

The Tide Turns.

What would I do?"

When it was light enough Joh nerciless, commanded that the the

The ivy leaf was still there. Johnsy lay for a long time whole at it And then she called to Sus, w was stirring her chicken broth or "I've been a bad girl. Such

Johnsy. 'Something has made that The leaf stay there to show me how wid I was. It is a sin to want to die. X may bring me a little broth now, some milk with a little port in it. no; bring me a hand-mirror first; as then pack some pillows about ene, will sit up and watch you cook

An hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to pa the Bay of Naples." The doctor came in the afternoon Sue had an excuse to go into the hall

"With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have down, down, just like one of those downstairs. Behrman, his name issome kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I able."

The next day the doctor said to Sue;

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all. "I have something to tell you, white

mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumona to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless wank gin to excess, and still talked of with pain. His shoes and clothing is coming masterplece. For the rest were wet through and icy cold. They was a tierce little old man, who couldn't imagine where he had been n such a dreadful night. When they found a lantern, still lighted, and a adder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and palette with green and yellow colors dow, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never luttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrmann's masterplece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

low she feared she would, indeed, light Another O. Henry Story To-morrow.

who love freedom Dolly Doo Does Her Dad H PAPATYOU LOOK JUST LIKE A REAL BABY. NOW THROW THAT













